

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

A View of the Past and Present State of the Island of Jamaica; with Remarks on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Slaves, and on the Abolition of Slavery in the Colonies. By J. STEWART, late of Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 363. Edinburgh and London. 1823.

THE question of colonial policy is becoming every day more interesting, not merely on account of its occupying more of the attention of government and the legislature, but because many of our colonies, which in their infancy presented no difficulties, are now reaching manhood. The monopoly of colonies which our maritime superiority gives us, also excites the jealousy of other powers. France, Spain, and the Netherlands, though unable to protect their colonies against us during war, are very envious of us in this respect in time of peace, while Russia is anxiously looking out for any thing she can get hold of, in almost any part of the world: but the United States, above all others, watch us closely: they see no harm in getting more by conquest than treaty the Floridas from Spain, but they become quite alarmed at the bare probability of our receiving Cuba in payment of an acknowledged debt. The size and power of some of our colonies is also a subject that requires vigilance on our part, particularly when our legislative philanthropists, who seem generally to view misery through a telescope, (though sometimes through a microscope) and to look only at that which is most distant, are agitating questions in parliament, which can have no other effect than that of unsettling our colonies.

We will not yield to any one in a sincere wish that the odious traffic in human flesh should speedily and for ever be abolished; we can say, with Cowper,—

'We would not have a slave to till our ground,
To carry us, to fan us while we sleep,
And tremble when we wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned;
and yet we cannot divest ourselves of
some apprehensions, from the imme-

diate and universal abolition of slavery. The former horrors and atrocities of the slave trade, are still so connected with the West Indies, that we scarcely ever hear one of these islands mentioned, but we associate with it, the tearing of husbands from wives, and children from parents, in Africa; the horrors of the middle passage, the landing, the cracking of whips, and the groans of the wretched sufferers. Such indeed, was once the picture which British colonies presented, but, thanks to the humanity of a few firm and unwearied advocates of the poor negro, these atrocities no longer disgrace Britain, and though we have still slaves in our colonies, they are no longer the victims of the passion and caprice of hard-hearted task-masters.

There is certainly something very repulsive in the mere name of slavery, or it might fairly be asked if the condition of the negroes, under a kind master, is not less miserable than that of many of the poor of our own country has very frequently been.

The question of negro-slavery is well discussed by Mr. Stewart in the work before us; he enters into an examination of most of the arguments in favour of abolition, and, avoiding all opinions merely speculative, confines himself to facts, and plain and practical reasonings from them; he thus sums up the question:—

'The abolition of slavery, in whatever light viewed, is a measure pregnant with danger and encompassed with difficulties. One thing is certain—and that is, that no scheme of emancipation can safely be attempted until a great improvement has been produced in the minds and habits of the slaves. When this has been effected, it would, in the opinion of the author, be more prudent and practicable, as a first step towards the desired change, to extend the boon of freedom to all slaves after a certain period of service, than to declare the children free—the value of such slaves being paid by the government to their respective owners; every liberated slave to engage himself in the service of some employer, either his former master or other proprietor, at a stipulated rate of wages, under pain of being dealt with as a vagrant. By this plan

a cheering prospect would be held out to the slave, by which his labours would be lightened and his mind soothed and encouraged; while the master would have an additional inducement for treating his faithful slave with kindness, namely, that he might retain him in his employment when the period of his service had expired. In the meantime, asylums in each parish, established by government, would be required for the reception of such of those emancipated slaves as age, infirmity, or accident, rendered incapable of supporting themselves. If such a beginning proved successful, there would no longer be danger in educating the children of the slaves; and other improvements would naturally follow those preliminary ones.

'The author offers these remarks with great deference; they are the result of a most attentive consideration of the very important question to which they relate: still they are but opinions, and, as such, liable to error. No one can with certainty anticipate what the precise results would be of the great change proposed to be introduced in the colonies; but all agree that it is one extreme difficulty and hazard.'

Having now dismissed what certainly does not form the prominent part of the work, we come to subjects less difficult or hypothetical. Mr. Stewart gives a very methodical and systematic history and description of the largest and richest of our West India Islands, commencing with its geographical situation, and proceeding to its history, topography, statistics, climate, diseases, productions, animal and vegetable, agriculture, commerce, government, laws, &c. the different classes of population, the character, capacity, amusements, and superstition of the slaves, &c., all of which are described with great ability.

Jamaica is 150 miles long, about 40 in its mean breadth, and its name is supposed to be derived from a word in the language of the aborigines, signifying *abounding with springs*. Jamaica was discovered by Christopher Columbus, and fell to England by a rather singular accident:—

'The armament which wrested Jamaica from the Spaniards (in 1655), was destined for another enterprise, the conquest of Hispaniola; and to the failure of that enterprise England is indebted for this most important

acquisition. So lightly, however, did Oliver Cromwell appreciate this conquest, and so displeased was he at the miscarriage of the actual object of the expedition, that the two commanders, Admiral Penn and General Venables, were sent by him, on their return home, to the Tower. It is, however, a curious fact, that Jamaica, at this time, produces a greater revenue to the mother country than the whole amount of the national revenue in the Protector's time. Jamaica was no doubt generally considered, at the period of its conquest, and for several years after, as far inferior in importance to either Cuba or Hispaniola; as in truth it would be at the present day, were those islands equally improved by cultivation. It was reserved for the enterprising industry and commercial spirit of the British to render Jamaica what it now is, the most highly cultivated and most productive colony in the American Archipelago.'

Mr. Stewart gives an interesting account of the alarming insurrection of the slaves in 1690 and 1760, and the contest with the Maroons, in 1795. Previous to the first insurrection, numerous slaves deserted to the fastnesses of the woods; and, in course of time, became so formidable that the government was obliged to treat with them, acknowledge them free, and assign certain tracts of land to them. The war with the Maroons in 1795, was sanguinary, and the fate of the whites hung upon a thread, as the dry season was approaching, when by setting fire to the stubble, the whole country would have been in flames:—

'The whole force of the island had been exerted hitherto to no purpose. In this state of affairs, Lord Balcarres, with the advice of his council, and the earnest recommendation of the principal inhabitants, resolved to send to the island of Cuba for blood-hounds, for the purpose of employing them against the rebellious Maroons—a new and terrible expedient, which nothing but dire necessity could have induced his lordship to have recourse to. His object was to terrify the Maroons into submission, by the introduction of these animals, and thus save the country, and put a stop to the horrible barbarities of those savages. He judged right as to the effect these canine allies would produce. The exaggerated accounts which some runaway slaves conveyed to the Maroons of the strength and ferocity of the dogs struck them with terror: in a short time after their introduction, a party of forty Maroons came in and surrendered themselves; and in two months after, (March 18th, 1796,) the whole surrendered, by capitulation, to General Walpole. The terms were, that their lives should be spared, and that they should be suffered to remain in the country, under the whites, as before. This last article the governor and assembly conceived to be highly impolitic, and they therefore refused to ratify it. It was justly considered, that, though these people would

remain for a time, from compulsion, apparently submissive and peaceable, they would yet brood over their hatred to the whites, and secretly meditate a future and signal vengeance, when some fit opportunity offered. They were, therefore, transported, at the expense of the island, to Nova Scotia, and subsequently, as the climate of that region was too cold for them, to Sierra Leon, in Africa.'

Mr. Stewart vindicates Lord Balcarres, and states that although it was the terror struck by the blood-hounds that made the Maroons surrender, yet that—

'Not a drop of blood was shed by these animals, excepting an unfortunate accident of one getting loose from its keeper, and severely injuring a female negro slave. They were muzzled, and held in couples by the Spanish chasseurs who attended them. By their keen scent they discovered the Maroon ambuses, and thus put the parties approaching them on their guard. From the moment of their arrival, the Maroons became exceedingly circumspect, and far less frequent in their murderous excursions.'

Of the improvement of the island during the last century and a half, Mr. S. gives the following account:—

'In 1673, there were in the island 7768 whites, and 9504 slaves. The chief products were cocoa, indigo, and hides. Sugar had just then been begun to be cultivated.'

'In 1722, the island produced 11,000 hogsheads of sugar.'

'In 1734, there were 7644 whites, 86,546 slaves, and 76,011 head of cattle, in the island.'

'In 1744, there were 9640 whites, 112,428 slaves, and 88,036 head of cattle; and the island produced 35,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 10,000 puncheons of rum.'

'In 1768, there were 17,000 whites, 166,914 slaves, and 135,773 head of cattle; and 55,761 hogsheads of sugar, and 15,551 puncheons of rum were produced.'

'In 1774, the island produced only 654,700 lbs. of coffee; and in 1790, 1,783,740 lbs.'

'At present there are in Jamaica about 350,000 slaves, 300,000 head of stock; and the annual average produce may be about 130,000 hogsheads of sugar, 60,000 puncheons of rum, and 18,000,000 lbs. of coffee, &c.'

In noticing the climate, Mr. Stewart gives a forcible, and we had almost said poetical, description of a West Indian hurricane:—

'A hurricane is usually preceded by awful and certain prognostics. An unusual calm prevails; not a breath of wind is felt; the atmosphere is close and sultry, the clouds wild, broken, and perpetually and rapidly shifting; at length a deep and portentous gloom gradually settles and overspreads the hemisphere; the sun is enveloped in darkness; a deep, hollow, and murmuring sound is indistinctly heard, like the roaring of a distant cataract, or the howling of winds through remote woods; rapid and transient

gusts of wind and rain speedily succeed; various birds of passage are seen hastily driving along the sky, or are thrown down by the violence of those gusts; even the cattle, grazing in the fields, as if instinctively aware of the approaching danger, withdraw to the adjacent thickets for shelter. The blasts soon become more impetuous; at one moment they rage with inconceivable fury, and the ensuing instant seem as it were suddenly to expire. In a few hours the hurricane reaches its acmé of violence—when all the winds of heaven, and from every point of the compass, winged with destruction, seem let loose from their caverns. The largest trees are thrown prostrate, or shattered and stripped of their foliage; the provision-grounds are laid waste; the sugar-canapes levelled to the earth, and, in the more exposed situations, torn up by the roots, and wasted about like chaff. Many of the dwellings are blown down, or unroofed, and their inhabitants too often either buried in the ruins, or driven forth to perish unsheltered.'

'Nothing can be more appalling than the wild howling and threatening violence of a hurricane during the night, when the vivid and quickly-succeeding gleams of lightning, darting athwart the heavens, make "darkness visible," and heighten the horrors of the scene. Well might the witness of such a scene exclaim with King Lear,

"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice!"'

In the historical accounts of the vegetable productions of Jamaica, Mr. Stewart has only noticed the most remarkable of each class, though the knowledge he displays of the subject, may be well exercised on some future day in a more extensive work. His notes, though brief, are curious and interesting:—

'The mahogany tree is one of the most elegant in the island; it grows to the height of from forty to fifty feet, and is adorned with a fine spreading dark-green foliage. There are not many of those trees now remaining in the island: being a profitable article of exportation, the greater number has been cut down for that purpose. The Jamaica mahogany is of a superior quality to that of Cuba or the Bay of Honduras. The bread-nut tree is in most parts of the island pretty abundant. This is both an ornamental and most useful tree: its wood is far more finely variegated than the mahogany, and is susceptible of a more brilliant polish; the leaves are a wholesome nutritious food for horses, mules, and sheep; and the kernels of the fruit afford an equally substantial diet to the negroes. This tree grows to a great height, and affords a fine shade to the cattle. But the tree that attains the greatest size (the *bombax* or cotton tree excepted) is the cedar: it sometimes measures upwards of thirty feet in girth near the root, and is of a proportionable height. One of

these trees, cut some years ago on the south side of the island, produced, when sawed into plank, 30,000 superficial feet, which, at forty pounds currency per thousand feet, yielded the owner 1200l. The cedar here is not of so fine a grain as that from the Levant. It is used chiefly in building, and for making vats, &c.'

'One of the most curious trees in this island is the mangrove. Its element is the ocean, along whose margin it grows, taking root in the sands, and shooting its numerous stems downwards, so as to form a thickly-planted natural palisado: the depth of water where it grows is sometimes from two to three feet, and its height from fifteen to twenty feet. Those parts of the stems which are below the water are often covered with a small species of oyster, which explains the paradox of *oysters growing upon trees*. The wood of this plant is hard, and, when large enough, makes excellent knees for boats; but it is chiefly used for fuel.'

'The pimento tree (bearing the fine aromatic spice of that name) grows to the height of from twenty to thirty feet, and is about two feet in circumference. Notwithstanding its small size, it is one of the most beautiful trees in the island; its foliage is a fine dark green, which, when contrasted with the profusion of blossoms it throws out, has a most pleasing effect. The fragrant odours with which this tree perfumes the air, when in blossom, reminds the traveller of Arabia.'

'The coffee tree is a handsome plant, with a small dark green leaf, and bearing a profusion of milk-white blossoms. It will shoot up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, if left to itself; but by regular pruning it is kept within four or five. This is one of those instances where nature powerfully feels the aid of art: by proper training this plant is made to produce ten times more fruit than it would do in its natural state. The coffee-bean is covered with a pulp, which, when ripe, assumes a fine crimson red: it is then fit for gathering, which operation commences in October.'

The sugar cane, the staple of the island, is sufficiently known, and we therefore pass over our author's description of it. From the vegetable, Mr. S. passes to the animal kingdom:—

'In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat is in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canies throughout the island, amounting to little short of 200,000l. currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts and root them

out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminished, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat, especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racoons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.'

'The most valuable bird in this island is the most forbidding in its appearance, and the most nauseous and disgusting in its habits, of any in it—namely, the black vulture, or carrion-crow. This animal seems a peculiar gift of Providence to the inhabitants, who, without its agency, would be desolated by pestilence. It eagerly and speedily devours all that putrid matter, which, if left unconsumed, would spread the seeds of disease and death through the atmosphere.—So sensible are the inhabitants of the value of these birds, that there is a law against killing them;—

a singular protection, as there are no game laws in Jamaica; and in a country where game is abundant, every free person is at liberty to shoot as much as he pleases,—

'Blest state, but ah! how different from our own.'

In the account of the shark, Mr. Stewart relates a fatal event, of which he was an eye-witness:—

'A poor sailor, having, while ashore in Kingston, got inebriated in one of the grog-shops there, determined on swimming to the ship to which he belonged, though a boat was just at the time putting off to it. His shipmates used every argument to dissuade him from so mad an attempt, and even used force to get him into the boat; but all in vain—he jumped into the sea, but had not proceeded fifty yards from the shore before those in the boat, which was at some distance, heard a loud shriek; they instantly guessed what had happened, and rowed back with all haste to him. On approaching him, he uttered another piercing shriek, and was soon after taken into the boat, lifeless, and in a dreadfully mangled condition. A shark had bitten off one of his thighs, and soon after finished the murderous work, by tearing out his entrails!'

Speaking of snakes, Mr. S. says:—

'That the snake has the power, to a certain degree, of fascinating human beings—in other words, electrifying them with terror, so as to deprive them of presence of mind (which is the only fascination to which any credit seems due), may be easily conceived. One of the largest size having got, during the night, through a jealousy, into a gentleman's bed-room, it crawled up into the bed, and, coiling itself on his body, fell soundly asleep. The gentleman soon after awakened, and feeling something press heavily upon him, raised his head, and was electrified at the sight of the huge snake that lay upon him. He was so completely subdued by terror as to be utterly incapable of helping himself; he lay motionless, in a cold perspiration, not daring even to call for assistance. At length his negro servant, find-

ing he did not come out at his accustomed time, suspected something was the matter, and went in to call him: on seeing the cause of his detention, he speedily relieved him by killing the animal.'

If we have not been singularly unhappy in our choice of extracts, we are sure we need make no apology to our readers, for reporting progress, (and to use language strictly parliamentary) asking leave to sit (in judgment on Mr. Stewart's book) again—in other words—
(To be continued.)

↔ ↔ ↔

DON JUAN. CANTOS VI., VII., VIII.
THERE was a time when the bare announcement of a new work from Lord Byron, made the whole reading population of England look forward to the day of publication, as a school-boy to a holiday. That time is now gone past; and a poem by his lordship excites very little sensation. This great change in the popularity of Lord Byron, may certainly, in some degree, be attributed to his writing so much, but it is principally owing to his writing so ill. The air of Italy and bad company have corrupted both his morals and his muse, and although the former were never considered to rank very high, yet they are evidently getting much worse. His lordship was always known to be a man of strong passions, who expressed himself freely, keenly resenting an injury, or an affront, but generous even to his enemies, when the fit was off. This might be proved by his conduct to his relative the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Holland, and several others of his friends, whom he has alternately praised and abused. The political principles of his lordship were also known to have a pretty strong bias; but yet we could not have believed that either personal or political feeling could have urged him to such cold-blooded and rancorous enmity, as he discovers towards the late unfortunate Marquis of Londonderry. Surely the noble bard must have been goaded by some fiend to pursue a man beyond the grave, as he does; such conduct is foreign to his noble nature, and we feel confident he has become a tool in the hands of some worthless persons, who thus endeavour to make him revenge their imaginary wrongs. Since the death of Lord Londonderry, a death which, with every liberal mind, carried all the errors of his life into oblivion, Lord Byron has been attacking the memory of the deceased statesman in the coarsest and most brutal manner. We say Lord Byron, assuming (which, by the bye, we much doubt,) that all has been written by his lordship, that has been ascribed

to him. Well, indeed, would it be for the moral, as well as for the literary character of Lord Byron, if he could prove that he has not written many of the things that have lately found their way to the world as his.

In the new cantos of 'Don Juan,' the author not only attacks the late Lord Londonderry, but, lest it should escape the reader, he makes it the principal subject of the preface, gloating with a sort of savage joy over the last fatal act of his life. We would not insult our readers by quoting the obnoxious passages, which we are sure must be reprobated by every man of the slightest feeling or humanity.

If any evidence were wanting how rapidly Lord Byron's talents are deteriorating, the poem of 'Don Juan' would furnish it. None of the cantos were ever distinguished either for morality or delicacy, but, in some of the earlier ones, there was a rich poetic vein ran through them—and such vigour of description, that made the reader overtook slight peccadilloes. The fourth and fifth cantos, though inferior to the first three, possessed considerable merit; while the sixth, seventh, and eighth, now published, are so unlike the former, that, were it not for a passage or two scattered over the poem, we should fearlessly assert that they could not have been written by the same author. Of these cantos, our remarks shall be brief as the incidents they supply are scanty. The sixth canto is principally occupied with an account of Don Juan's getting into the Turkish harem in female attire; but, with the exception of a few stanzas, it is very poor. One of the beauties of the harem is thus described:—

'Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature,

Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning'

Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.'

'But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which some call "the sublime:" I wish
they'd try it:

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.'

'But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serene,
It may be, more than either—not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have
been.'

The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was
wholly

Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.'

The following stanzas are pretty:—

'Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue and clime and
root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost and care and warmth induced to
shoot.

One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft
breath

And lips apart, which showed the pearls be-
neath.

'One with her flushed cheek laid on her white
arm,
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through
a cloud

The moon breaks, half unveiled each further
charm,

As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of
night.

All bashfully to struggle into light.'

The seventh and eighth cantos are principally occupied with the war between Turkey and Russia, including the siege of Ismail, versified from the description of it in *l'Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*. From this canto we shall select a few stanzas, which possess somewhat of the vigour of Lord Byron's muse:—

'Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their
pills

Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.

Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills;
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians; yet
tick,

Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field.

'There the still varying pangs, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinites of agony,

Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may re-
gard—

The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turned back within its socket,—these re-
ward

Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win, perhaps, a ribbon at the breast!

'Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing;—
Think what it is to be in your old age

Maintained at the expense of your good king:

A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,

Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroy-
ing.

'The troops, already disembarked, pushed on
To take a battery on the right; the others,
Who landed lower down, their landing done,

Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being grenadiers they mounted one by one,

Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mo-
thers,
O'er the entrenchment and the palisade,
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

'And this was admirable; for so hot
The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
And shells or hells, it could not more have
goaded.

Of officers a third fell on the spot,
A thing which victory by no means boded
To gentlemen engaged in the assault:
Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at
fault.'

The incident of the child alluded to
in the following stanzas really occurred
at the siege; and Don Juan is here
made to do what the Duc de Richelieu,
then a volunteer in the Russian service,
actually did:—

'The town was entered: first one column made
Its sanguinary way good—then another;
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
Clashed 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and
mother

With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to up-
braid;—

Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother
The breath of morn and man, where foot by foot
The maddened Turks their city still dispute.

'Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back
(With some assistance from the frost and
snow)

Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
It happened was himself beat back just now.
He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
His jest alike in face of friend or foe,

Though life and death and victory were at
stake,

But here it seemed his jokes had ceased to take:

'For having thrown himself into a ditch,
Followed in haste by various grenadiers,
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich;

He climbed to where the parapet appears;
But there his project reached its utmost pitch;

('Mongst other deaths the General Ribau-
pierre's

Was much regretted) for the Moslem men

Threw them all down into the ditch again.

'And had it not been for some stray troops,
Landing

They knew not where, being carried by the
stream

To some spot, where they lost their understand-
ing,

And wandered up and down as in a dream,
Until they reached, as day-break was expand-
ing,

That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

'And scrambling round the rampart, these same
troops,

After the taking of the "Cavalier,"
Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"
Took like cameleons some slight tinge of
fear,

Opened the gate called "Kilie" to the groups
Of baffled heroes who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,
Now thawed into a marsh of human blood.

'The Kozaks, or if so you please, Cossacques—
(I don't much pique myself upon orthogra-
phy,

So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography—)
Having been used to serve on horse's backs,

And no great dilettanti in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.'

'The city's taken—only part by part—
And death is drunk with gore: there's not a
street
Where fights not to the last some desperate
heart
For those for whom it soon shall cease to
beat.
Here war forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying nature; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime.
'A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
Seized fast, as if 'twere by the serpent's head,
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to
feel.
In vain he kicked and swore and writhed and
bled
And howled for help, as wolves do for a
meal—
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
As do the subtle snakes described of old.
'A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
Of a foe o'er him, snatched at it, and bit
The very tendon, which is most acute—
(That which some ancient muse or modern
wit
Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through't
He made the teeth meet, nor relinquished it
Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said
To the live leg still clung the severed head.
'However this may be, 'tis pretty sure
The Russian officer for life was lamed,
For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
And left him 'midst the invalid and maimed:
The regimental surgeon could not cure
His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
More than the head of the inveterate foe,
Which was cut off and scarce even then let go.
'But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part
Of a true poet to escape from fiction
Whene'er he can; for there is little art
In leaving verse more free from the restric-
tion
Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
For what is sometimes called poetic diction,
And that outrageous appetite for lies
Which Satan angles with for souls like flies.
'The city's taken, but not rendered!—No!
There's not a Moslem that hath yielded
sword:
The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
Acknowledge aught of dead or death or foe:
In vain the yell of victory is roared
By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.
'The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
And human lives are lavished every where,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves
When the stript forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare;
But still it falls with vast and awful splinters,
As oaks blown down with all their thousand
winters.
'It is an awful topic—but 'tis not
My cue for any time to be terrific:
For chequered as is seen our human lot
With good and bad and worse, alike prolific
Of melancholy merriment, to quote
Too much of one sort would be soporific;—
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

'And one good action in the midst of crimes
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase
Of these ambrosial, Pharisaiac times,
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
And may serve, therefore, to bedew these rhymes,
A little scorched at present with the blaze
Of conquest and its consequences, which
Make Epic poesy so rare and rich.
'Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm
groupe
Of murdered women, who had found their way
To this vain refuge, made the good heart
droop
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to stoop
And hide her little palpitating breast
Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.
'Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child
With flashing eyes and weapons: matched
with them
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,—
The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild:
And whom for this at last must we condemn?
Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?
'Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,
Whence her fair hair rose twining with af-
fright,
Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad
sight,
I shall not say exactly what he said,
Because it might not solace "ears polite;"
But what he did, was to lay on their backs,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.
'One's hip he slashed, and split the other's
shoulder,
And drove them with their brutal yells to
seek
If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
The wounds they richly merited, and shriek
Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing
colder
As he turned o'er each pale and gory cheek,
Don Juan raised his little captive from
The heap a moment more had made her tomb.
'And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race;
For the same blow which laid her mother here
Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace,
As the last link with all she had held dear;
But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprize.
'Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed
Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mixed
With joy to save, and dread of some mis-
chance
Unto his protégée; while her's, transfixed
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase;
'Up came John Johnson (I will not say "Jack,"
For that were vulgar, cold, and common
place
On great occasions, such as an attack
On cities, as hath been the present case;
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
Exclaiming:—"Juan! Juan! On, boy!
brace
Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
That you and I will win St. George's collar *."'
* The Russian military order.'

With this specimen of 'Don Juan' we leave it, not wishing to dwell on the vulgarity or indelicacy of some of the passages, as we should rather wish that they escaped the reader—at all events, we will not point them out.

Memoir of John Aikin, M. D. By LUCY AIKIN. With a Selection of his Miscellaneous Pieces, Biographical, Moral, and Critical. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 878. London, 1823.

Few families have been more intimately or more honourably connected with the literature of the last half century than that of Aikin; and numerous, indeed, are the scientific, biographical, historical, and critical works, to which the name is prefixed; not to mention other and abundant labours in the cause of useful knowledge and elegant literature. The subject of the present Memoir seems to have rambled over the whole field of literature and science; and the list of his principal works (thirty in number) shew how extensive must have been his studies, and how general the application of his talents. His sister, the celebrated Mrs. Barbauld, holds no less interesting a place in the literary history of the period than her brother; and his daughter and biographer has already attained no inconsiderable degree of eminence by her Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First,—which display an honest impartiality, great research, and acute reasoning.

In the work now before us, the subject was more limited; she had to describe the life of an amiable man of letters, whose career was even uncheckered, and not fraught with any remarkable events;—though with many biographers this would not have been of much consequence, for they would have dragged into the Memoir a thousand extraneous circumstances, which would apply to any individual who had lived in the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Miss Aikin has not done so; she has considered that she was writing the life of Dr. Aikin, not a history of the period in which he lived; that she was to furnish a memoir of a man of letters, not a view of the literary history of the age. Another error Miss Aikin has avoided: though with all the feelings of affection for a parent, she has not considered that every trivial domestic incident, or every confidential or unimportant letter that he wrote, would either be necessary to pourtray his character, or establish his fame, or that they

would be of interest to the world. Conscious that some of the most instructive and acceptable pieces of biography have been such as derived their interest from the unfoldings of character and sentiment, rather than the bustle of incident or the splendour of description, Miss Aikin has endeavoured to give a mental rather than a merely personal history of the life of her father. On this account, the fair author says, in her preface, 'only such extracts from Dr. Aikin's correspondence have been admitted, as appeared essential to the history of his life, or the exhibition of his opinions and feelings on important topics; and in the composition of the Memoir itself, a similar forbearance has been exercised.'

The incidents in the life of Dr. Aikin are certainly not striking, though the biographer, while she disclaims vigour of description, has rendered them interesting by the manner in which they are narrated; we shall, therefore, give a brief sketch of his life.

John Aikin was the only son of the Rev. John Aikin, D. D., by Jane, daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, where he was born the 15th January, 1747. The father was educated under Dr. Doddridge, and he afterwards became classical tutor to the Dissenting Academy at Warrington. Young Aikin was intended for the study of divinity, but the weakness of his voice was considered an obstacle, and decided in favour of the medical profession. He was articled to an apothecary at Uppingham, where he remained the three most tedious years of his life. At the age of eighteen he was sent to pursue his medical studies at Edinburgh, where he remained two years, and then became a pupil with Mr. Charles White, a skilful surgeon at Manchester. The Muses, however, divided empire in his heart, and his letters, even at this time, to his sister (afterwards Mrs. Barbauld), are thickly interspersed with criticisms on the Latin and English poets, dramatists, &c. While attending the class of Dr. William Hunter, in town, in 1769, he formed an attachment to his cousin, Miss Jennings; and in the autumn of the following year he commenced practice at Chester. After remaining a year at this place, already pre-occupied, he went to Warrington; and in 1772 he gave to the world his 'Essay on Song-Writing.' Towards the end of this year he married his cousin; and now, in conjunction with his sister, produced some of those works which have

ever since been popular. To follow Dr. Aikin through the whole of his publications would lead us too far—nor is it necessary, since they are well known.

Dr. Aikin became acquainted with Howard the philanthropist, and had some share in editing his works. He appears to have formed a very proper estimate of Mr. Howard, when he speaks of him as unequalled in resolution, firmness, and integrity, not possessing an enlarged mind, but 'chiefly useful as a collector of facts for others to reason upon.' In 1784, he set out for Leyden to obtain academical honours, and Miss Aikin gives us some interesting extracts from a journal he kept, on his tour. At Scheveling, says he,

'After breakfast we walked to the parade, where some horse and foot guards were marching round and round to fine music. The Prince of Orange was here, holding a kind of levee. He is a heavy-looking ill-made man; but seemed affable and good-tempered. We followed him on his walk to the House in the Wood, about a mile from the town; and were diverted with the odd motley group which composed his suite. There were three or four officers, a running footman, about half a dozen low people who followed close at his heels, among whom was one sedately smoking his pipe, and perfuming the whole company; a shabby fellow followed, whistling in imitation of a nightingale; and we four composed the rear. The prince walked in his boots, bare-headed; and occasionally stopped by the way to converse with some ladies whom he met. The road is a tolerably pleasant walk through a wood.'

On his return from Leyden, Dr. Aikin was induced to try Yarmouth, but he soon found that the medical practice that would fall to his share in the tour would not satisfy him. From Yarmouth the doctor removed to London, where his literary talents had already made him known. Here his literary predilections had full sway, and here his letters to his friends became doubly interesting, since he was placed among individuals who were entitled to notice. It would appear, by the extracts from some of his letters, written at this time to his sister, that he was not struck with that blind admiration of Dr. Johnson which prevailed at the time. Speaking of our great moralist, he says—

"He had not indeed, a grain of the noble enthusiasm, the calm simplicity, the elevated purpose of a great man. His temper, habits, and system equally disqualified him from attaining that character. He was able with great accuracy to compare every literary and moral idea with the standards in his own mind, and to detect all false pretensions within his own compass. But

there were heights in both to which he could not ascend. His life fell far short of his writings, and his faults and asperities were rather aggravated than softened by age."

In 1792, Dr. Aikin commenced in Broad Street Buildings, as a London physician, but still did not neglect his literary studies. In 1796, he was engaged as editor of that excellent periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*; but he did not confine himself to this, for it was now that he carried on the 'General Biography,' of which all the memoirs signed A., and they are the best written, were from his pen.

In 1811, Dr. Aikin became editor of 'Dodsley's Annual Register,' a task which occupied more than half of his time; the rest was principally devoted to the 'General Biography,' which was finished in 1815. In the spring of 1817, Dr. Aikin was taken unwell, and the death of his youngest son, about this time, afflicted him severely. After gradually declining in health, for some months, a stroke of apoplexy closed the scene of a life of usefulness, on the 7th of December, 1822.

If Dr. Aikin was not a man of splendid attainments, he possessed talents which are often more useful to society; and while both science and literature were enriched by his means, the cause of civil and religious liberty saw in him one of its most steady advocates. The selection made from the works of Dr. Aikin has been made with good taste, and affords a fair specimen of the author's talents on a variety of subjects. Though not strictly original, yet they are so scattered in various periodicals, that, but for this republication of them, they would be almost lost to the public—a fate of which not a single production of Dr. Aikin's is deserving. They thus form, with the life of the author, two volumes of elegant literature. The following being, on account of its brevity, most convenient for an extract, we select—

LITERARY PROPHECIES FOR 1797.

'I discern in embryo three new tragedies, five comedies, and six musical entertainments, for the London theatres. The tragedies will be splendid, stately, and abundantly loyal—they will be praised in the papers till nobody goes to see them. The comedies will be partly sentiment, partly farce; and two of them, at least, by the efforts of the actors for whom they are written, will be preserved from oblivion till the year 1798. The musical pieces will certainly expire with the almanacs.'

'A new imposition will be practised on the black-letter gentlemen, with some success; but the hero, this year, will not be Shakespeare, nor will a six-shilling book be

written, after its detection, to prove that it ought to have been believed.

The controversy about the talents of women, will give birth to two bulky volumes, from a female pen; which will, at least, prove that lightness and vivacity are not, as has been supposed, characteristic of the writers of that sex.

The Oxford University press will this year be chiefly employed in printing catechisms for the use of French emigrants and their converts; yet some progress will be made in re-editing a German edition of a forgotten classic.—N. B. Dr. Bradley's astronomical papers will not appear this year.

The alliance of church and state, and the consanguinity of all religions, will be ably supported by an eminent divine, in full prospect of a seat on the episcopal bench.

The political world will be thrown into a strange ferment towards the end of autumn, by an extraordinary publication of an extraordinary character, containing a renunciation of all former principles. I am sorry that the delicate nature of the subject obliges me, in this instance, to adopt somewhat of the ambiguous language of other prophets.

The elegant press of Bulmer will, this year, send forth a collection of the *Puerile Poetry of England*; wherein the popular compositions of "Hey my kitten, my kitten;" "Jack and Gill went up the hill;" "There were three crows, they sat on a stone;" and a variety of the like kind, will be carefully edited and illustrated with historical and critical notes, by a learned member of the Society of Antiquaries. Vignettes, head and tail pieces, and designs, by a lady of quality, as usual.

Two Pindaric Odes, by a hackney-coachman; a Collection of Sentimental Sonnets, by a washerwoman; and an Epic Poem, in twenty books, by a printer's devil, composed in types, instead of being committed to paper, will agreeably entertain the lovers of poetry.

An infallible method of cure for the yellow fever, which wants only a trial beyond the Atlantic to demonstrate its efficacy, will be communicated to the public by a young graduate from Scotland.

A new project of nutrition, by inhaling the gases of bakers', cheesemongers', and cooks' shops, will administer food to the pneumatic speculators.

I see this moment on the road from Edinburgh, two bulky MSS., one, an absolutely new Theory of the Human Understanding; the other, a Complete History of the Proceedings of one of the Provincial Synods ever since the Reformation; but whether any bookseller will be found to undertake their publication, my art does not positively inform me.

A novel, by a lady, will make some noise; in which the heroine begins by committing a rape, and ends with killing her man in a duel.

A Proposal for a Reform in Law-Proceedings, published under the name of an eminent barrister, will greatly astonish the gentlemen of the long robe, and occasion

much debate as to its authenticity, till a statute of lunacy taken out against the author will clear up the matter.

Instructions in all Kinds of Gymnastic Exercises, as taught and practised in the Gymnastic Institutions of Germany; designed as well for Colleges, Schools, and other Places of Education, as for private use. With eleven illustrative Plates. By A MILITARY OFFICER. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1823.

SINCE this 'age of cant' has discovered that to deprive the humbler classes of society of the last remains of those innocent English amusements, called fairs, we wonder in what manner they wish such part of the public, less hypocritical than those magisterial quidnuncs, to relax after the labours of business. The suppressing of fairs in the neighbourhood of London we consider as unjust as it is impolitic; and the very attempt at such a measure a century or two ago would have been resisted.

What would the 'London Apprentices' of former days, who claimed Finsbury and Moorfields and other places for their exercises and days of diversion, have said to the Puritans of the nineteenth century? Why, the then alarming words of 'clubs' apprentices,' would have rung from Temple Bar to Aldgate; shops and masters would have been abandoned, business suspended, and the whole city one scene of riot, until the obnoxious decree was recalled.

Let us not be misunderstood, as appearing to vindicate resistance on all occasions, or as insinuating that the populace are the best or the legitimate judges of every thing that relates to themselves; but the steady, deliberate, and determined system of depriving the lower classes of every species of amusement, we think, if pursued, is calculated to effect a serious, and we fear, a very injurious change in their habits and manners. Many a boy and girl have been kept in industrious subjection, and in habits of economy, by the hope that, at the next fair, they might have one day's respite from drudgery; aye, and many an honest tradesman or mechanic has looked forward with equal pleasure to the time when he might take his wife and family with him, and be happy himself in seeing them so. That prospect will be no longer afforded to him, except in the tumultuous scenes of Smithfield, where all the evils of fairs, which form the pretext of their abolition, a thousand times exaggerated, are still to be tolerated; for what?—to replenish the city treasury!

When the fairs are wholly suppressed, the tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of London will be next attacked; and then farewell the hot-rolls of White Conduit House, farewell the eel-pies of Hornsey and the Sluice House, and farewell the home-brewed of Yorkshire Stingo.—

'Othello's occupation's gone.'

If, however, the decree has gone forth, and the glories of the inhabitants of the metropolis are thus to be extinguished, we would recommend our dwarfish legislators to take some precautions, that, driven from their favourite amusements, the recreations of the lower classes should not take a wrong direction; for this purpose we would have them, or rather we would have the higher powers, to encourage gymnastics among the public.

In Germany, gymnastic exercises have long formed a portion of the education of youth, and such exercises have been adopted as are calculated to invigorate the body, and keep it in health. In England, children have been left to invent their own amusements, they are consequently without system, and, as the author of the work before us observes, they are often rather calculated to injure the frame than invigorate it:

'The object of this work is to turn the attention of teachers to this most important branch of physical education, and to introduce a system of bodily exercise, which, while it forms considerable amusement, and total relaxation of the mental faculties, brings into a full and healthy action, all the muscles of the body. Health, vigour, elasticity, robustness, and beauty of frame, are the rewards which this system holds out to those who will persevere in the practice of its precepts.'

The attempts which have been made of late in Germany to revive the ancient exercises of the Greeks, have been attended with complete success. No seminary whatever, in that country, is now considered perfect, which does not admit a course of gymnastic exercises into its system of education. Towards the close of the last century, a course of elementary gymnastic exercises was framed at Schnepfenthal, a small town near Gotha, under the direction of Salzman, which were subsequently improved, augmented, and systematically arranged, by Gutsmuth, who published the first modern treatise on this subject in 1793, the second edition of which appeared in 1804, entitled "Die Gymnastik." Gutsmuth not only attracted attention towards the importance of a systematical physical education by his work, but was also most indefatigable in his exertions to introduce the subject wherever the slightest encouragement was held out to him. It was in Denmark where these exercises were first considered in a national

point of view. In 1803, the number of gymnastic establishments in that country had already amounted to fourteen, to which three thousand young men resorted. Since that period, the government has issued an order for allotting a space of two hundred square yards to every public school, for the purpose of gymnastic exercises. The successful progress of his system in Denmark, induced Gutsmuth more than ever to render it a national object in Germany; and for this purpose he made application to the Prussian government. The answer he received from the then minister of state was as follows:—"The bodily exercises of youth form an essential part of my plan of national education." In 1810, the gymnastic establishment at Berlin was placed under the direction of Jahn, through whose zeal and perseverance they have since been promulgated to various parts of Germany. Gutsmuth published a more complete system of gymnastic exercises in 1817, which is undoubtedly the best which has hitherto appeared; and it is from this that I have principally selected the following exercises; the salutary effects of which I saw in others, and experienced in myself during a residence in Germany.'

The author divides his gymnastic exercises into walking, running, leaping, vaulting, leaping with a pole, balancing, climbing, and mounting, wrestling, &c., together with others of a mixed character, but the whole intended to augment the muscular powers of the body and the limbs, while they afford agreeable and healthy exercise. The work contains several engravings, and the descriptions are such as to enable any person to adopt the exercises recommended. Though this book is avowedly written for schools, where the gymnastic exercises it recommends cannot be too generally adopted, yet it might suggest many useful and vigorous occupations to private families, and even to the sedate and studious; and were any public spirited individual in London to erect a gymnasium, on a respectable plan, we doubt not that it would amply reimburse him.

MEMORABLE DAYS IN AMERICA.

By W. FAUX.

(Concluded from p. 435.)

To attempt any thing like a connected abstract of Mr. Faux's work is not necessary, we shall, therefore, adopt his own discursive manner, and glean a few more interesting extracts, of which his book presents a great number:—

Grasshoppers.—'Grasshoppers, so called, but, in fact, a species of locusts about the length of my little finger, swarm in countless millions all over this (Virginia) and the contiguous states, where oats and other crops are sometimes cut unripe to prevent their being devoured by these almost worse

than Egyptian locusts. They hop, jump, and fly from about six to ten feet from the ground, and devour every green thing above and below. A hat left in the field was devoured in a night. Their wings and trunks are beautifully coloured. On their rising from the surface, they frequently strike my nose. In all the plain round this city they leave scarcely a blade of grass. It now looks as rusty and dusty as a ploughed field, the grass being eaten down to the very roots. The intelligent Mr. Adams says, that, when he was surveying the territory on the Michigan and other lakes, flies were seen falling in clouds, and lay dead and stinking on the land nearly knee-deep. What fine manure! But how offensive to the Pharaohs of the country! By the papers to-day, I see that Miss Courtney, the daughter of an emigrant in Mr. Birkbeck's settlement, was killed in a few hours by the bite of a huge spider, such as I saw in Carolina, scattering thousands of eggs in my path. It seized the unfortunate lady on her forehead; no cure could be had of the Indian or other doctors. Her head swelled to an enormous size, and after her death was livid all over. The herb called the plantago is said to be a remedy, if applied in time. The west country mail and travellers are now repeatedly stopped and robbed by parties of men at work on the Philadelphia road, who will not suffer any person to proceed until plundered.'

'In the Michigan territory, on the borders of the lakes, in July last, flies, thick as swarms of bees on a bough, covered the face of the earth, and for six days darkened the sun, moon, and stars, making the air noisome and pestilential. The sides and ends of houses on which the sun shone not, were blackened by them. They seemed to lose their skin daily and die by millions every minute: cattle, swine, and the Indians, feed on them luxuriously. Their length is three inches, with the feelers, which protrude from both head and tail. Corn fields and large bows of trees were broken down by their weight. Mr. Adams, two years before, saw the same phenomenon. They are nondescripts in natural history, but called by the French settlers of the neighbourhood, *mosquito hawks*, as they feed upon mosquitoes and drive them away.'

From Philadelphia, Mr. Faux set out on a journey to Indiana, a distance of three thousand miles, but which is not thought much of there. At the foot of the Alleghany mountains, the coach passed over the grave of the British General Braddock, who, to prevent the Indians, then in pursuit, from discovering his body, ordered that he should be buried in the middle of the road.

Courts of Law.—'I roamed into the supreme court (at Zainsville), where I saw my new friend, the supreme judge, Wilson, on the bench, in the midst of three rustic dirty-looking associate judges, all robeless, and dressed in coarse drab, domestic, home-spun coats, dark silk handkerchiefs round

their necks, and otherwise not superior in outward appearance to our low fen-farmers in England. Thus they sat, presiding with ease and ability over a bar of plain talkative lawyers, all robeless, very funny and conversational in their speeches, manners, and conduct; dressed in plain box-coats, and sitting with their feet and knees higher than their noses, and pointing obliquely to the bench of judges; thus making their speeches, and examining and cross-examining evidence at a plain long table, with a brown earthen jug of cold water before them, for occasionally wetting their whistles and washing their quid-stained lips: all, judges, jury, counsel, witnesses, and prisoners, seemed free, easy, and happy. The supreme judge is only distinguished from the rest by a shabby blue threadbare coat, dirty trowsers, and unblacked shoes. Thus sat all their lordships, freely and frequently chewing tobacco, and appearing as uninterested as could be. Judge Wilson is, however, a smart intelligent man, rather jocular, and, I think, kind-hearted.'

General Boon.—'General Boon, during the last war, lost two sons killed; and his favourite daughter and her friend were stolen by the Indians, who marched the fair captives two days without resting, and intended marrying them, but were overtaken by the colonel and his son, and a lover of the lady. The young couple, previous to this event, were on the point of marriage, and are now living as husband and wife in Kentucky. The captives cunningly indented the ground all the way from the colonel's house with their high-heeled shoes, so that they might be tracked; and when they saw their brave deliverers coming up full speed, they fell flat on the earth, while the firing of rifles commenced on the Indians, who tried in vain to kill their fair prisoners by throwing their knives and their tomahawks at them; but the pursuers triumphed, and all were recovered and restored unhurt. General Boon now lives in solitude six hundred miles up the remote Missouri. He is eighty years old, very active, very poor, a hunter, and a recluse by choice, and trains up his sons in the same path, feeling more happiness than he possibly could in society, where he would have lived and died, if he had willed it, full of scars and honours and days.'

His parents were always poor; his disposition is kind and hospitable; his manners simple and gentle; preferring to live meanly and rudely as a hardy hunter and squatter, wanting nothing but what nature gives him, and his own hands get him. He sleeps on a bear skin, and clothes himself in dressed deer-skin, and though shy, is kind to intruding strangers. The western country is indebted to him, as he leads the way into the best spots of the wilderness. He was the first white man in Old Kentucky, and the wide wild west is full of his licks. A flourishing settlement always rises wherever he has once squatted, and whenever any settlers begin to approach near his location, he quits it for ever, and moves on further west; and the place, which he thus abandons, is called Boon's Lick. He never

wants much land; only a spot sufficient for the supply of his household.'

A Hoax in Princeton.—'Here I found good sweet bread, like the English, and hot corn-cake, and supped, on what I supposed fine pork steaks. "This meat," said I to Mr. Ingle, "is most delicious."—"Well, then, you like it, do you?"—"I do indeed."—"What do you think it is?"—"Why, pork to be sure."—"Well, we thought we would not tell you until after supper, I set you should fancy it was not good, and refuse to eat bear."—"Oh," said I, "if this be bear, give me bear for ever."

Bears.—The bears, during the summer, are lean and hungry, and seize the hogs and eat them alive. It is no uncommon thing to see hogs escape home with the loss of a pound or two of living flesh. These creatures sleep all the winter quite fat. Rattlesnakes abound here. Mr. Ingle killed four or five beautiful snakes of this species this summer, and one or two vipers.'

Tea.—The China leaf, or tea-plant, has been propagated at Princeton, in Mr. Devan's garden, and at Harmony, from seed brought from China. It is said to grow luxuriantly, yielding more leaf than is used, and making a useful decoction, similar in flavour, though not so pleasant, as that procured from the imported plant. It is manufactured by sweating it in an oven, and when taken out, it cools and curls up, and becomes fit for use.'

Mr. Faux does not give a very tempting picture of the Western States; the people are almost without a government, and entirely without any of the comforts of life. The stores, or shops, receive their stock but once a-year, and are often without tea, sugar, or butter.

Duelling.—At breakfast, this morning, Mr. Flower, regretting the habit of duelling, said, that a lady of Lexington, finding her nephew not inclined to fight a duel, encouraged him to go out; and, immediately on his departing for the fatal spot, said, to her black servant, "John, light up and get the large drawing-room ready for the reception of a corpse." This order was given with great *sang froid*; and, in less than an hour, the room was occupied by the corpse of her nephew!

A few particulars, respecting Indiana, will afford our readers some amusement:—

Judge Waggoner, who is a notorious hog-stealer, was recently accused, while sitting on the bench, by Major Hooker, the hunter, gouger, whipper, and nose-biter, of stealing many hogs, and being, although a judge, the greatest rogue in the United States. This was the major's answer to the question *guilty or not guilty*, on an indictment presented against him. The court laughed and the judge raved, and bade Hooker go out and he would fight him. The major agreed, but said, "Judge, you shall go six miles into the woods, and the longest liver shall come back to tell his tale!" The judge would not go. The major was now, in his turn, much enraged by

the judge ordering him into court to pay a fine of ten dollars for some former offence, the present indictment being suffered to drop.'

Mr. Maidlow states, that Judge Waggoner, at the celebration of the 4th of June last, at Evansville, was chairman, when, by some gentlemen present, it was proposed, that due provision should be made for the coming day in the form of a subscription. This, without passing to a vote, was amended by another rising to say, "I motion, that as some cannot command money they should bring vegetables, such as beef, mutton, venison, and pork!" which amendment was put by the judge, and carried in the above form.

Sunday, 26th.—At noon, this day, Colonel M'Greary called at Mr. Canson's with Major Hooker and others, and demanded whiskey, either to be given or sold to them. They were quite drunk, and armed with rifles from their camp, in which they had lain all night. Mr. C. refused them; when they attempted to force the door, threatening to kick Mrs. C. out, and whip and shoot Mr. C., who had treated them rather coarsely, and with great impolicy. Hooker wished to shake hands and forget it. Mr. C. refused. They then became more furious. These Rowdies do not always mean violence. They only want whiskey; and there is little to fear from them, if properly treated. Mr. Canson applied to 'Squire Russell for a warrant against the Rowdies for the outrage.'

'I called to warm at 'Squire Russell's, who makes his own shoes, in a one-room log-hole, where hung a wild turkey on the chimney-piece, for dinner. He could not find a man to serve the warrant, at the suit of Mr. Canson, on Hooker, and means to impanel a Rowdy jury, and try the matter before himself.'

Jan. 3rd, 1820.—I supped and slept at Judge Chambers's, a comfortable house, and saw again the judge's mother, of eighty, whose activity and superior horsemanship, I have before mentioned. I smoked a segar with Mrs. Judge, while she smoked her pipe (the first pipe I have seen here). She, as well as the old lady, is a Quaker. The judge was gone to the metropolitan town of Coridon, being a senator, on duty. The land which I passed over all this day, seemed poor, but full of wild turkeys and bears.'

Mr. Faux gives a good and familiar account of the constitution and laws of the United States, with sketches of some of the most prominent public characters, but these we pass over, to give a couple of anecdotes. In 1821, some Indian chiefs were, under the direction of Major O'Fallon, taken to Washington at the time Mr. Faux was there, and he thus describes them:—

'All of them are men of large stature, very muscular, having fine open countenances, with the real noble Roman nose, dignified in their manners, and peaceful and quiet in their habits. There was no in-

stance of drunkenness among them during their stay here. The circumstances which led to their visit were singular. A missionary, who had been amongst them a few years back, on renewing his visit recently, found an old chief, with whom he was acquainted, degraded from his rank, and another appointed in his place. This led to inquiries after the cause, which proved to be that this chief having, during a considerable absence from his tribe, visited some of the cities of the whites, carried back such a report of their houses, ships, numbers, wealth, and power, that they disbelieved his account, and degraded him as a man unworthy of being longer their chief. They inquired of their missionaries, who confirmed the statement, and they met in council with other tribes, and resolved that a deputation should, in company with the representative of the great father, "see if things were so," and if they were, the chief should be reinstated. They have returned, saying the "half was not told them."

An anecdote is related of one of the chiefs (a Pawnee), which is a well-authenticated fact, and recorded by Dr. Morse, in his account of visits to the western regions. The tribe of the Pawnees had taken a woman prisoner from a neighbouring tribe, with whom they were at war, and, as was their custom, they made every preparation to offer her a sacrifice to the great spirit. Every thing was prepared, the wood, the green withes, and the fire, and the victim, when this chief suddenly flew and seized her, carried her under his arm to a neighbouring thicket, where he had prepared horses for her and himself, and riding away at speed, he, after three days' travelling through the woods, returned her in safety to her tribe and friends. This event was considered by the Pawnee tribe as an interference of the great spirit in her favour, and, on the return of the chief, no questions were asked him on that subject, nor has a woman been offered a sacrifice by that tribe since. As a compliment justly due to his gallant exploit, a number of ladies in this city had a medal made, and presented to him in due form, in the presence of all the Indians; on one side of which was represented the preparation for the sacrifice, and, on the reverse, the chief running off with a woman under his arm, and two horses stationed at a short distance, surmounted by this inscription, "To the bravest of the Braves" (the Pawnees are also called the Braves). These Indians excited so much interest from their dignified personal appearance, and from their peaceful manner, that they received a great number of rich presents, sufficient to fill six large boxes, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; these were forwarded before they left us.'

Although Mr. Faux is somewhat cautious in expressing his own opinions, yet it will be seen, they are not very favourable to emigration; his book is sufficient, we think, to enable every one to decide for himself. It gives a plain unvarnished tale of what he learnt

and saw, and exhibits American character and American prospects in an honest and impartial light.

NO FICTION—ALL FICTION.

1. *No Fiction; a Narrative founded on Facts.* 7th edition, 2 vols. 8vo.
- 2 *Martha; a Memorial of an Only and Beloved Sister.* By ANDREW REED, Author of 'No Fiction,' 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *Memoirs of Francis Barnett, the Lefevre of 'No Fiction,' and a Review of that Work; with Letters and Documents.* 2 vols. 12mo.
4. *A Reply to Mr. Reed's Advertisement to the Seventh Edition of 'No Fiction,' with a Review of 'Martha.'* By FRANCIS BARNETT, Author of 'Memoirs of Himself.' 12mo.

WHATEVER progress real religion may make in the world, we feel assured that it does not at all keep pace with cant and hypocrisy; and that if the established church be openly more lax in its discipline than formerly, the Sectarians are by no means immaculate. The followers of a Whitfield or a Wesley no longer confine themselves in reality to the 'straitness of the sect,' but have discovered many means of wordly enjoyment not known to the founders of their faith. Among these may be termed what are called religious novels. We are aware that John Wesley recommended one novel to the juvenile branch of his followers, but one only—'Brooke's Fool of Quality,' but he would have disdained the idea of inculcating religious truths through the medium of fiction.

Within the last few years religious novels have been rapidly on the increase; and one, by no means the least popular, has been given to the world by a Mr. Andrew Reed, a dissenting minister we believe, but of what *persuasion* we know not, nor is it of the least consequence to our present purpose. This gentleman gave to his novel the name of 'No Fiction,' and assured us that the narrative was founded on facts. The incidents were striking, and decorated in specious language intermixed with religious observations, the work became popular; when, from some motive, which perhaps it would not be difficult to explain, Mr. Francis Barnett comes forward and declares that he is Lefevre, the hero of the tale; that his motives and conduct have been perverted even to the injury of his character. He proves pretty clearly that the best features in 'No Fiction' are all fiction; that the letters which are given as having passed between Lefevre and another he-

ro of the novel—Douglas, are forgeries. The characters of Douglas and Lefevre are strongly contrasted; the one a perfect saint, just such a being as we should suspect Andrew Reed represents himself; the other, Lefevre, is guilty of a host of vices, and is even made to appropriate the money of his employers in order to discharge debts incurred by dissipation. Mr. Barnett, who pretty clearly proves that he is the Lefevre, repels, with honest indignation, the charges made against his second self; particularly so far as relates to Lefevre's embezzling the money, and declares, what our readers have perhaps already suspected, that the very amiable personage Douglas, is the Rev. Andrew Reed himself.

It appears that Mr. Barnett and Mr. Reed had formerly been very intimate, and that when the latter wrote his 'No Fiction' he thought the prototype of the hero dead. There would have been nothing, perhaps, very culpable in this, had Mr. Reed made the *amende honorable* when he found Barnett living, and that the distorted character he had given of him was injurious to his interests. This he has not done, although Barnett declares that, under the character of Lefevre, he has been gibbeted; that crimes have been attributed to him of which he is not guilty, and that Mr. Reed has violated the sanctity of friendship in making the facts in his life, of which he had in confidence been made the depository, the basis of a libel on his character. The affairs of Mr. Reed and Mr. Barnett have made a great stir in the congregation of the former, and they mutually accuse each other of falsehood. With their squabble the public has little to do, but should our readers feel more interest in it than we confess we do, and read the works, the titles of which are placed at the head of this article, we do not think they will have much difficulty in deciding, or that their decision will be in favour of the author of 'No Fiction.'

Mr. Reed is very fond of introducing himself in his works, and 'Martha,' though avowedly the subject of the work which we presume is another 'No Fiction,' scarcely occupies a more prominent place than her brother and biographer, the author. The life of Martha, (to whom the author ascribes 'every virtue under heaven,') though detailed with singular minuteness, is extremely barren of incident; nor is there a single circumstance in her life, from her birth on the 2nd of June, 1793, to her death on the 16th December, 1821, that can

be of the slightest interest to the public. She is described as an amiable and pious woman, who would naturally be much esteemed by her friends, and ensure the ardent affections of a brother; though we confess it is not every brother who can paint them in such glowing language as Mr. Reed has done. It is, however, much to be regretted that a man of talents should resort to any measures which, by the strictest construction, should have the appearance of artifice. Had Mr. Reed rested his popularity on works of mere invention, he would not have been involved in a controversy from which he certainly does not escape unscathed, but would, we doubt not, have gained as much popularity as he has done; for, although his work of 'No Fiction' seems to rest its principal merit on its being a narrative of facts, yet it is remarkable that the only uninteresting portion of it is in the slight facts connected with Lefevre, and that it is only in the scenes of pure invention that the talents of Mr. Reed (which are certainly considerable) are displayed. Waller said, poets succeeded better in fiction than in truth, and the same remark may often, with equal justice, be applied to the novelist—at all events it is the case with the Rev. Andrew Reed.

The Military Exploits of Don Juan Martin Diez, the Empecinado, who first commanded and then organized the System of Guerilla Warfare in Spain. Translated by a General Officer. 8vo. pp. 174. London, 1823.

THE difference between a hero and a robber is not always so strongly marked that a positive line can be drawn, though we should be sorry to stigmatize with the latter epithet any man whose services were devoted to his country. It is this which constitutes an essential difference between the present constitutional guerrillas of Spain and the bands of the army of the faith. In their maraudings they very probably do not much differ, but the one plunders in alliance with a foreign invader—the other carries on a destructive if not a very regular warfare in order to destroy him. In the late war when the Empecinado so greatly distinguished himself, the guerrillas, whatever excesses they might commit, had the strongest provocations; and if they wreaked a terrible, it was not an unmerited vengeance on the French. In the present contest the guerilla system has not been so well organized or so effective, though the brave and active Mina, whose forces have never exceeded 5000 men, has kept three or four times

that number at bay in Catalonia, and has in all probability made 10,000 Frenchmen bite the dust.

Another of the Spanish leaders, less celebrated than Mina in the present campaign, but nearly as distinguished in the last, is the Empecinado whose memoirs are here given, though in a somewhat questionable shape; nor does the author afford any clue to ascertain their authenticity: on his veracity, therefore, and that of the 'General Officer,' and we are not sure they are not the same person, their fidelity must rest.

Juan Martin Diez was the son of a peasant, and was born at Castillo de Duero, near Valladolid. Naturally robust, and invigorated by bodily labour, he longed for a military life, and, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the army, but was, on the entreaties of his parents, discharged.

When war was proclaimed against France, at the commencement of the French revolution, Martin again entered the army; and, as a private in a regiment of dragoons of Spain, he distinguished himself by his bravery and discipline. At the close of the war he was discharged, and it was during his retirement that he received the name of the *Empecinado*. When Napoleon, under the insidious pretext of being the ally of Spain, was meditating its subjugation, Martin openly declared that the French troops ought to be considered as enemies; and when he was told that King Ferdinand had passed through Aranda de Duero, he exclaimed, 'the French are an infamous people; Napoleon is the worst among them; and if Ferdinand once enters France he will never get out of it until we go and fetch him.'

When Ferdinand had reached Bayonne, Martin, with two companions, one of whom was only 16 years old, determined to make war against the French, and soon killed one French courier and intercepted the dispatches of another. His associates were afterwards increased to twelve, and with these he intercepted couriers and seized large convoys, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns:—

'During the months of May, June, and July, 1808, the enemy was harassed or attacked by these gallant men amounting now to twelve in number. There is no doubt but that, in the course of these three months, above 600 Frenchmen were put to death by Martin and his gallant comrades. They could give no quarter, as there was no depot to which prisoners could be sent. In one day alone, in the beginning of June, ten sergeants and eighty-three soldiers fell by the hands of these patriots, who were often

much assisted by the peasants, who, though unarmed, helped to intimidate (by appearing in bodies) and were not backward in assisting to destroy the stragglers.'

Amongst the early and bold operations of this chief, one in particular deserves notice, the capture of a convoy, in which was a carriage conveying a female relation or friend of Marshal Moncey. This coach was escorted by twelve soldiers, in the centre of two columns of six thousand men each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado with eight of his people was concealed close to the town of Caravias. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage; and when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, and he effectually eluded the long and strict search which was made after him. He was only able to save the life of one of the men-servants and of the lady, whom he not only saved, but as she was with child, he sent her to his own house that she might receive care and attention. The convoy turned out a prize of great value: it consisted of money, some jewels, and a variety of ornamental trinkets for women, military effects, such as officers' epaulets, gold and silver lace, and sword blades. Martin divided a great portion of these things amongst his men; he took a share himself; but he reserved for the government the principal part, which he placed at the disposal of General Cuesta, in Salamanca; thus giving an unequivocal proof of his disinterested feelings, for an order had been issued by the government (the central junta,) that every thing taken from the enemy by the patriot parties should exclusively belong to them.'

The Empecinado had, as might be expected from such daring courage, many hair breadth escapes. On one occasion he is said to have thrown himself down a precipice, a feat which the French journals are every day telling us Mina now does. In another affair, when he had got a respectable force, he singled out the French commandant and they engaged.

The Frenchman wounded the Empecinado by a thrust of the sword, which ran through his arm and penetrated into his side. This seemed but to increase his courage and double his exertions; he avoided another blow, seized the French commander by the neck, dragged him off his horse, fell with him, but kept the upper hand: both were disarmed and struggled violently: the Frenchman would not surrender; the Empecinado collared him with one hand and with the other snatched up a stone and put him to death.'

The Empecinado's forces did not augment very rapidly, but, slender as they were in numbers, they did good execution; his promotion, however, was rapid enough; he became a brigadier-general of cavalry in the national army, attended the Duke of Wellington to

Madrid, and was by him appointed to an important command at Tortosa. The Empecinado is a man of true courage and tried patriotism, on whom Spain still looks to no ordinary efforts in enabling her to resist foreign invasion.

The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton: extensively embellished with Engravings on Copper and Wood, from Original Paintings and Drawings by first-rate Artists. To which are added, an Introductory Essay; the Linnaean Arrangement of the various River Fish delineated in the Work; and Illustrative Notes. 12mo. pp. 471. London, 1823.

'SOME books,' says the author of the 'Characteristics in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims,' 'have a personal character. We are attached to the work for the sake of the author. Thus we read Walton's "Angler" as we should converse with an agreeable old man, not for what he says, so much as for his manner of saying it, and the pleasure he takes in the subject.' This evidently proves that the author, though no bad critic, is not an angler. It is, however, one of the peculiar features of Walton's work, that it is praised and admired even by those who confess themselves not merely ignorant of the art of which it treats, but even averse to it. Dr. Johnson, thinking it a work that ought not to be dormant, suggested to the Rev. Moses Brown to revise a new edition of it; and this gentleman, in executing his task, observed, 'that not only the lovers of this art, but all others, who have no inclinations in the least to the diversion of angling that it treats of, have joined in giving it their mutual suffrage and commendation.' Sir John Hawkins describes 'Walton's Angler' as having scarcely its fellow in any of the modern languages, in the simplicity of the style, the humour of the dialogue, in enchanting pastoral poetry, and fine morality. The Rev. Dr. Zouch speaks of it as 'an exquisitely pleasing performance,' which 'the lovely lessons of religious and moral instructions,' which it inculcates, will ever recommend. Sheridan, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator, the poet, and the dramatist, declared that he never desired a better companion for a post-chaise than 'Walton's Angler'; and a living and elegant writer, Washington Irving, bears testimony to the fascinating style of honest Izaak Walton.

Thus it would seem that the work before us is reviewed to our hands; and we confess, after such testimony in its

favour, our humble praise can scarcely be necessary. It would, however, be an act of injustice to the present editor, if we omitted to state, that, while this edition contains all that obtained the admiration of authors, anglers, critics, poets, and moralists, for the last century and a half, it contains many new attractions. In the first place, we have a very well written introductory essay, which contains some interesting notices of Walton and Cotton. They clearly establish, what indeed Mr. Singer proved, that Walton was a poet of superior attainments, and that the beautiful poem of Thealma and Clearchus, as well as those charming effusions in the 'Angler,' were the production of Walton himself, and that the supposed author, John Chalkhill, is altogether a fictitious personage. Then we have, by way of appendix, a Linnaean arrangement of the fish from the best authorities. A variety of ingenious notes, illustrative of the 'Angler,' many of which are original; and, 'last not least in our dear love,' we have nearly a hundred embellishments on copper and wood, admirably executed.

Agreeing with those that have gone before us, that, for simplicity of style, elegance, delicate pathos, and sound morality, 'Walton's Angler' may take the first rank; we recommend Mr. Major's beautiful edition of an exquisite work, as an indispensable *vade mecum* for anglers, and as a treat to every one who can be allure by the seductions of language, the amiable character of an author, or who wishes to have the lessons of morality inculcated in the sweetest manner. It has been said, that one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures was once read as a sermon; and an excellent discourse might be made out of the 'Complete Angler' by the 'fishers of men.'

The Footman's Directory and Butler's Remembrancer. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1823.

We consider this to be a very useful little work, one much called for, that may be of infinite service not only in instructing footmen, butlers, and other domestic servants, but may often be worthy of the attention of their masters and mistresses, particularly such as may have jumped into a situation for which they scarcely seem calculated. The Robin Rough-head, or ploughman turned lord, the cheesemonger transmogrified into a baronet, may be as ignorant of the duties of a footman, as a country bumpkin would be of the office of mas-

ter of the ceremonies at Bath or Cheltenham; this book, then, will teach him, and, by knowing the servants' duties, he may learn some of his own.

The 'Footman's Directory' contains useful hints on the arrangement and performance of the work, rules for setting out tables and sideboards; the art of waiting at table and conducting large or small parties; directions for cleaning plate, glass, &c.; advice respecting behaviour to superiors, useful receipts, tables, &c.; nor are the moral duties neglected to be inculcated in this volume, which we recommend to families as well as to servants.

A New Grammar of the English Language; including the Fundamental Principles of Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. With Notes and Illustrations, Critical and Explanatory. By T. O. CHURCHILL, Translator of 'Herder's Philosophy of History,' &c. 12mo. pp. 454. London, 1823.

IT might have been supposed that a subject so universally studied as grammar, would, long ago, have reached all the perfection it could possibly attain; Mr. Churchill has, however, proved the contrary, by the many very essential and important improvements, critical, theoretical, and practical, which he has adopted. Taking Lowth for his basis, he has raised a superstructure, correct in its principles and permanent in its materials; in fact, he has not only extended the objects of English grammar, but has exemplified its principles and facilitated its study.

Byzantium; a Dramatic Poem. By EDWARD RICHARD POOLE, Student of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 142. London, 1823.

If the present age is not eminently dramatic, it is not for want of effort; for we every year have a host of tragedies, tragic poems, dramas, and dramatic poems, &c. The author of the present poem, whom we suspect to have met with in print ere now, has selected a good subject for his muse,—the siege of Constantinople, and he has adhered pretty closely to the narrative of Gibbon. The story possesses a high degree of interest, and now that the Greeks are struggling with the Ottoman Porte, its publication may be considered as seasonable. Some of the scenes are animated, and the language though not always vigorous, is not tame. 'Byzantium' is a poem which is calculated to create an impression by no means unfavourable to Mr. Poole's talents.

Phantoms, a Poem, in Two Parts. With Myrrha, a Fragment, Translated from the Provengal. By J. H. SR.

AUBYN. 8vo. pp. 116. London, 1823. A LONG dedication to Lord Gage, which, we doubt not, would have been very acceptable to his lordship as a private letter, and a preface, explanatory of the subject of the poem, precede it. The author disclaims all originality, though, to say the truth, we suspect that he is entitled to the full merit of his production, and that it is an honour of which he will remain in undisturbed possession. 'Phantoms,' it appears, originated in a dream, and we think them not unlikely to create one, since they are quite somniferous. A few good passages might be gathered from this poem, but it is excessively prosaic.

Zelinda, a Poem; and Cardiff Castle, a Dramatic Historical Sketch. By M. G. LEWIS. 8vo. pp. 144. London, 1823.

WE understand that 'Zelinda' was written when the fair author was not more than fifteen years of age, and certainly it is a very creditable production for so young a lady. It is a tale of love—but what should a girl in her teens think of but love? and, indeed, what should any body write tales about but love? A more prolific subject cannot be selected, nor one more attractive to the great body of readers. The versification of 'Zelinda' is smooth and harmonious, and may certainly be considered as a promising effort for so young an author.

A VISIT TO THE MAHAW INDIANS.

IN the spring of 1822, the Rev. Samuel Giddings, an United States' missionary, made a tour among the western Indians, and visited the Mahaw village, which he describes as 'situated on the banks of the Elkhorn, on a high Prairie, surrounded by a beautiful and rude country, but destitute of timber, excepting a small quantity on the margin of the river.' His reception was kind:

'I was,' says he, 'kindly received, and invited to four feasts within an hour. The first was the flesh of an elk, boiled without salt. It was placed in a large bowl or trough, around which four or five guests assembled, each taking his knife, and using his fingers instead of a fork. If any remains, you are invited to carry it away with you. You may, if you please, give it to the master of the house, and he gives it to others, who surround the bowl to eat. The second feast was corn, which was also boiled without salt. In eating the boiled corn, spoons

made of buffaloe horn or wood are used. The other two feasts consisted of corn and dried pumpkin boiled together. I have been the more particular, as the customs, and the manner of treating strangers, among all these tribes, is similar. These children of nature know not the use of bread; and have but one kind of food cooked at the same feast. The man, who gives the feast, never eats till the guests have finished. These feasts are considered as the highest honour that can be conferred on a stranger.'

In all the western territories of America, there are numerous and extensive mounds, which have given rise to many enquiries and speculations. That they are the work of man is evident, from their construction, and various theories have been formed, as to their origin, none of which seems so plausible as that suggested in the following description of the manner in which the Mahaw Indians bury their dead :—

'I visited,' says Mr. Geddings, 'their burying ground, about eighty rods distant. It is situated on the top of a bluff, about one hundred and forty feet above the level of their village. The ascent, however, is gentle. Here I saw several of the tribe collected, and mourning over the graves of their departed relatives. They pulled their hair, rent their clothes, beat their breasts, and howled in imitation of different kinds of wild beasts. At times, they made frantic gestures and sung mournful songs. Their manner of burying is various, according to the directions given by the person before his death. In some instances, a grave is dug three feet deep, and the corpse placed in it, and covered with earth in the usual form among white people. Others are buried in a sitting posture, partly in the earth and partly above, with a mound, three or four feet high, raised over the corpse. Some are laid on a platform, made by driving four forked sticks into the earth, laying thereon two poles, which reach from the head to the foot, crossing these with shorter poles, and covering them with grass or leaves. This platform is raised from four inches to a foot high. At the head and foot, a forked stick is driven down, and a ridge pole laid in the forks. Against this, on all sides, sticks and bark are placed, and the whole covered with earth, generally clods about two feet thick. Others are laid on the earth, and a mound, seven feet high, and in the form of a cone, raised over them. No coffins are used; but when a grave is dug, flat stones or split sticks are placed beneath, on the sides, and above the corpse. The property of the deceased is disposed of according to his directions in his life-time. Sometimes a part, or all, is buried with him. At other times, it is given away to relatives and friends, who come to mourn over the grave. All who come to mourn, if they are not near relatives, expect pay in presents. The graves are placed from one to four feet asunder, and the mounds often come together at the base. Another is

buried by laying the corpse between two former mounds, and over this is reared another mound, the base of which rests upon the tops of the two former. In this burying ground, which has been used but three years, there is one grave and mound resting upon two more, which are to be distinctly seen; and the top of the highest is between eight and nine feet above the level of the adjoining ground; and many smaller mounds resting upon others in the same manner. Supposing this tribe to inhabit their present village but a century, and pursue the same method by burying their dead, they would raise a mound forty or fifty feet high, and many rods in circumference. May not this account for the various mounds found in the Indian country?'

DR. CHURCH, AND THE NEW PROCESS IN PRINTING.

THAT 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' is an observation in Scripture, which almost every day's experience confirms: and thus Dr. Church, whose new process of making type dance into words and sentences, to the tune of 'Bob and Joan,' on the piana-forte, is treated rather contemptuously in the United States, his native country.—'A few years ago, says the Charleston City Gazette of June 5, 'an ingenious mechanic in New England thought he had invented a sort of manifold type foundry, or method of casting many types at once, or whole words or lines of them, instead of the tedious manner still in use of making them one at a time. Full of this idea, he proceeded to London, and offered his plan to the Caslons, Wilsons, and other type-founders in the British capital, for their examination and purchase. After deliberate, repeated, and satisfactory experiments, the Englishmen gave the Yankee ten thousand dollars for his right to the discovery, and he returned home with the money in his pocket. A few years after another son of the punch and matrix visited the London printing houses, where he obtained from them the art of casting stereotype plates; and among other curiosities of the place, had his attention directed to some small pieces of printed paper pasted against the walls, which he found to be nothing more nor less than proof impressions of a few lines of type cast by the aforesaid machine, headed by a label or inscription stating that it was a specimen or memento of Yankee ingenuity, for which ten thousand dollars had been paid in London!—But it appears that all the skill of the inventor and the purchaser had been exhausted in the first effort, as neither of them had been able to extend it so far as to the successful formation of

two types at one process, all the parties continuing to cast even *hair spaces* singly and separately to this day!

'Whether Dr. Church will be able to play off his piano-forte printing *foundry*, *case*, *press*, and *parliamentary reporter*, to as good a *tune*, Johnny Bull and he must determine.'

Original Poetry.

LINES

Written at St. Helena, November, 1813, by a Naval Officer, returning from the East Indies, where he had been Shipwrecked.—Addressed to his Wife.

WHEN I tore myself from thee to cross the wide ocean,
And kissed the sweet babes whom we both hold so dear;
No charm was there left that could sooth my emotion,
Save those blessings of Providence—hope and a tear.
Yes, a tear, let the great ones deride me and flout it,
And prove it ridiculous, too, if they can;
I think he who leaves such endearments without it,
Must be something much more or much less than a man.
At sea, when the dance or the song was prevailing,
With the thoughts of your absence my bosom would burn;
Those thoughts which had always suggested bewailing,
'Till hope said, 'cheer up for a happy return.'
On that awful day, when the leaks were fast pouring,
'Till the ship could no longer the torrent sustain;
When the clouds of misfortune again appeared low'ring,
As she sunk with my hard-earned gains on the main.
When messmates flocked round me with friendship unfeigning,
And the kindest good wishes for me did declare;
Sweet Hope, like an angel, my feelings restraining,
Said, 'the God who hath saved thee thy loss can repair.
'Then trust in his goodness thy babes to protect,
Thy time is ill spent if thou hast not oft read,
How even the sparrow he doth not neglect:
Nay, more, he hath numbered the hairs on thy head;
'And cease thy insulting repinings at fate,
Thou know'st not what blessings for thee are in store;
Let content be thy motto, whate'er thy estate,
Know that God often humbles to exalt one the more.
'The love of thy Ellen thy cares will beguile,
Whilst the true paths of honour you strictly pursue;
How can you forget how enchanting her smile,
When she said, 'twas not riches she wedded, but you.'

* The writer had been shipwrecked before in the West Indies.

So impressed was this lesson of hope on my mind,
That fancy conveyed every sound to my ear ;
So familiar the accent, that I was inclined
To believe that my own dearest Ellen was near.

St Helena, Nov. 1813. R. C.

ANCIENT ISLINGTON.

ALAS ! the merry days are past,
The sportive hours of mirth are flown,
That beaux and belles were wont to taste,
Amid the fields of Islington.

There, in Queen Bess's golden days,
What feats has Canonbury known ;
How gay the pageants and the plays,
That grac'd the rural Islington.

But tho', now tottering to their fall,
Some sacred relics still are shewn,
Of storied pane and fretted hall,
Of palaces at Islington.

The mansions that so proudly rose
'Mid woods which many an age had grown ;
The passing stranger scarcely knows,
Tho' once so fam'd at Islington.

The spot where learned Burleigh dwelt,
Has lost the splendour once its own ;
But some respect may still be felt
For the Queen's Head at Islington.

The Pied Bull, in its ceiling, bears
The marks of ages past and gone ;
For there, in classic taste, appears
The carver's art at Islington.

At Canonbury, where the queen
Among her court so gayly shone ;
Full many a head may still be seen,
Of worthies, once of Islington.

Lastly, the camp may still be found
Where victory Paulinus won,
In battle on the open ground,
'Twixt Maiden Lane and Islington.
Islington, 10th July, 1823. E. G. B.

LINES WRITTEN ON HOMER.

'Cui lumen ademptum.'

E'EN from a child was he the muses care :
And fearful, lest the blaze of yon bright sun,
Might, with its magic mirror, vainly lure
His youthful fancy from the lofty theme
Of his high destiny ; they, with sapient hand,
Did quickly quench in him the visual ray,
Pairing that light within, which later times,
Still hail the day-star of proud minstrelsy !
Thence have our own rapt twain been richly
boon'd,
First, he (who, like the Samian bard of old,
Shut from th' all cheering orb,) sublimely sang
The loss of Eden.—Last, yet NOT last in love,
That mighty seer, whom nature frolic fram'd
The matchless master of the human heart !!

W. A.

Fine Arts.

SALE OF PICTURES BELONGING TO MADAM MURAT, EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.

ON Saturday, Mr. Christie sold a collection of thirteen out of fifteen pictures, which had been preserved by Madame Murat, when her husband, the unfortunate Murat, had been driven from the throne of Naples. Few as were the pictures in number, yet they

produced nearly 4000l. The remaining two (one of which is the celebrated *Ecce Homo* of Correggio, for which, we believe, 7000l. was once offered) are preserved.

Le Brun.—The presentation of the family of Darius to Alexander. Purchased by Mr. Fletcher, 29l. 8s.

Guercino.—The Prodigal Son tending a Herd of Goats and Swine. By ditto, 52l. 10s.

Gorofalo.—St. Achilles. By Mr. Peacock, 50l. 8s.

Annibale Carracci.—The Infant Jesus asleep, St. John near him holding the Cross. We think bought in, 115l. 10s.

Ridolfo Ghirlandaio.—A Holy Family, in the style of his friend and contemporary Raffaele. Purchased by Mr. Solly, 78l. 15s.

Dominichino.—The Creation ; a small and highly-finished cabinet specimen. By Mr. Peacock, 105l.

P. Perugino.—A Holy Family and three Angels kneeling in Prayer over the Infant; shepherds and figures engaged in the chase, are seen in a distant landscape ; the village of Bethlehem crowns a precipice on the right above the cattle-shed ; an angel is flying down in the centre of the picture, announcing the Nativity. By Mr. Woodburn, 294l.

Luca Cambiasi.—The Marriage of St. Catherine ; an extraordinary picture of the master. By Mr. Woodburn, 273l.

Albano.—Apollo and Daphne, in a beautiful landscape ; the subject is represented on the brink of the river Peneus, beyond which the river God reclining, is ready to receive his daughter ; Cupid, with a torch, is urging Apollo forward. By Mr. Peacock, 147l.

Andrea del Sarto.—St. John writing the Revelations in the Island of Patmos ; the Evangelist is standing in a bold landscape, with a pen in one hand and book in the other, which rests upon one thigh ; the foot elevated for the purpose. A noble *chef d'œuvre*. By Mr. Woodburn, 472l. 10s.

Raffaele.—A Holy Family ; this well-known charming *chef d'œuvre* is from the Monte Cassino, near Ponte Corvo, about fifteen miles from Naples. Mr. Christie said, the regret by the heads of this institution for the loss of this picture was very great, notwithstanding the rich literary treasures still in their possession, commencing with the seventh century ; and they considered this gem more estimable than all that remained. By Mr. Solly, 514l. 10s.

Titian.—The enamoured Physician ; a female, under the rich crimson drapery of a couch, her morning dress but loosely thrown about her, is listening to her physician, who feels her pulse, has his eye intent upon her beauty, and with one hand applied to his breast, appears rather to be disclosing his own ease, than prescribing for that of his fair patient. By Mr. Solly, 735l.

Annibale Carracci.—Cupid asleep, and stretched upon a bed of clouds, is borne along by his mother's doves, one of which has the monogram of the painter in his bill. By Mr. Peacock, 945l.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The manager of this house has made a dramatic hit in catching Mr. Wallack before he makes his third trip across the At-

lantic. Mr. Arnold has secured him for a limited number of nights, and his talents, respectable character, and frequent absence from the metropolis, have made him quite a star of the first magnitude. On Monday he made his first appearance as Rhoderick Dhu, in the *Knight of Snowdon*, perhaps better known by the name of the *Lady of the Lake*, which has been got up in excellent style, and with the addition of some music from Rossini's *La Donna del Lago*. In melo-drama Mr. Wallack has not, perhaps, an equal on the stage, and he sustained the character of the Highland chief with great ability. He appears to have completely recovered the accident he met with in America, or he certainly could not have sustained so vigorous a combat with T. P. Cooke, (Fitzjames). Miss L. Dance was a very interesting Ellen, and Mrs. Austin and Miss Povey did every thing for Alice and Isabella that could be done. Wallack was greeted with thunders of applause.

Literature and Science.

It has been determined by the Lords of the Treasury, to whom the point was referred by Parliament, that the library presented by his Majesty to the nation, shall be deposited in a distinct building in the British Museum. In consequence of this decision, the workmen have commenced digging the foundation for a new and extensive structure, in the east side of the garden of Montague House. As the whole of the British Museum will shortly have to be rebuilt, the new library will be so constructed, as to form a connecting wing of the general building.

Lightning Maps.—It results from a series of observations made in Germany, and communicated to Keffsterstein, that the general direction of lightning is from east to west, comparatively seldom from north to south. It appears, from another series of observations in Germany, that most of the lightning rises in the west and extends towards the east. In Germany, it is proposed to publish a series of maps, representing the direction lightning takes in various parts of the world, particularly in Europe.

Hail-Chart.—The Natural History Society of Halle proposes to publish a *hail-chart* of Germany, with the view of shewing its extent, position, and magnitude, during a series of years.

Education in Poland and Russia.—It appears, by a return of the state of the schools in 1821, in Poland, that the total, including the Institution for the Deaf, the private pensionaries for both sexes, and the Academy of the Miners of Kielce, but without reckoning the provincial seminaries, the military institutions, or the Sunday schools, there

are 1331 schools, 1783 masters, and 45,920 students, out of the population of eight voivodes, amounting to 3,585,304. According to the official report made by the department of public instruction in Russia, in 1821, these provinces had then 21,174 scholars, whilst in all the other parts of the Russian empire there were but 40,744.

Pillar in Honour of his Majesty.—The commissioners of King's-town Harbour have succeeded in erecting the great granite pillar in commemoration of our gracious sovereign's departure from Dublin, which rises over the harbour, and measures, in one solid stone, sixteen feet. The column, it is intended, should be forty feet high. It is placed on the remaining part of a ridge of rocks, which extended from the shore into the interior, which are now used in making the great pier. It has an admirable effect, as the spot on which it stands is all that now remains of the great ridge. The base rests in the bosom of this old fragment, and immediately under the pillar are four great granite orbs.

French Newspapers.—The following is the circulation of the Paris journals:—*Le Moniteur*, 3900 to 4000; *Debats*, 11,000; *Journal de Paris*, 8000; *Courier Français*, 5000; *Quotidienne*, 3500; *Drapeau Blanc*, 3500; *Journal du Commerce*, 4000; *Gazette de France*, 2200; *Pilote* and *Etoile*, together, about 4000; *Oriflamme*, 500; *Constitutionnel*, 17,000 to 18,000. These are all daily papers: no weekly newspaper, or three-day newspaper, is published in Paris.—It is said, that a new English paper will shortly be published in Paris.

The centenary of the invention of printing, was celebrated with the greatest solemnity on the 10th inst. at Haerlem, and with various demonstrations of joy, according to the programme, which has been published some time. The whole gave great satisfaction to the immense number of spectators, and no accident whatever occurred. The great church, which was fitted up for the occasion, afforded a very striking sight. An appropriate discourse, delivered from the pulpit by Professor Palm, in which he vindicated the claims of Koster, a native of Haerlem, to this great invention, made a great impression on his hearers.

In the Imperial Library at Vienna, the origin and progress of printing fill many shelves, as the series of typographical specimens is continued from the invention to the close of the 16th century. In the Maglia Vecchi Library at Florence, are 3,000 volumes printed in the 16th century, besides 8,000 very rare MSS.

Two copper coins, of the reign of Charles II., in beautiful preservation, were found, a few days ago, in the foundation of a house now taken down in the Underbank, Stockport. The impressions are exceedingly fine, and are of the dates of 1672 and 1675.

There will be a remarkable and total eclipse of the moon on the 23d instant, and as it will happen soon after the moon has passed her apogee, her motion through the earth's shadow will be slow, and consequently render the eclipse of long duration.

Belzoni's Expedition.—It is generally known that Mr. Belzoni, whose successful discoveries in Egypt and Nubia have proved him well qualified for such a task, is now on a journey to the interior of Africa. His first intention is to reach Timbuctoo, thence to continue his route through the heart of Africa to Sennaar, and passing through Nubia, again visit Egypt. In a letter to a gentleman of Cambridge University, dated Fez, May 5th, he gives the following account of his intentions:—‘I have,’ says M. Belzoni, ‘great pleasure in acquainting you, my dear friend, of my safe arrival at Fez, after having been detained at Tangier till a letter had been forwarded from Mr. Douglas, his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tangier, to the minister at Fez, to obtain permission from the emperor for me to approach his capital. As soon as a favourable answer was received, we started from this place, and in ten days arrived here in safety with *my better half*, who, having succeeded in persuading me to take her as far as Tangier, has also enforced her influence to proceed to Fez; but this, though much against her will, must be her *ne plus ultra*. Yesterday, I had the honour to be presented to his majesty the emperor, and was highly gratified with his reception of me. He was acquainted that I had letters of introduction from Mr. Wilmet, to the consul at Tangier, from whom I received indeed the greatest hospitality, and who did all in his power to promote my wishes. The fortunate circumstance of my having known the prime minister of his majesty, whilst in Cairo, on his return from Mecca to this country, is also much in my favour; and though a great deal has been said against my project by the commercial party, particularly by the Jews of this country, who monopolize all the traffic of the interior,—I obtained his majesty's permission to join the caravan, which will set out for Timbuctoo, within one month. If nothing should happen, and if promises be kept, I shall, from this place, cross the mountains of Atlas to Taflet, where we shall join other parties from various quarters, and thence, with the help of God, we shall enter the great Sahara to Timbuctoo. Should I succeed in my attempt, I shall add another “votive tablet” to the Temple of Fortune; and if, on the contrary, my project should fail, one more name will be added to the many others which have fallen into the river of oblivion.’

Removal of a House.—The singular application of the mechanical powers to the removal of an entire building, which has been successful in one or two instances, in Italy and the Netherlands, has also been attempted in America, and we quote, from a New York paper, the following account of the experiment:—

‘New York, June 4, 1823.

‘The interesting and novel performance of removing a brick house was witnessed in this city yesterday, for the first time, and it is said to be the first attempt ever made to remove a building entirely of brick. In the improvements going on by widening Maiden Lane, it was necessary that the house, No.

85, should be pulled down or removed to a distance of 21½ feet from its former front. The house is three stories high, 25 feet wide, and 45 in depth, has a slated roof, and is a valuable building. The project of removing it, was conceived and undertaken by Mr. Simeon Brown, who has before removed about twenty buildings, some of them built partly with brick, and in some instances, without disturbing the families or removing the furniture. This house was estimated to weigh about 350 tons, and was removed with all the chimneys, windows, doors, &c. standing. Being previously placed upon ways, the removal was commenced yesterday morning, and was performed by three bed-screws in the front, each of which worked by two or three men. What was deemed the most difficult part of the undertaking, was, that the house was to be raised about two feet from its former foundation—this was however done by two other screws placed underneath, which raised the building gradually in the exact ratio required. In the course of the day, the building was removed about 16 feet, without the least detriment or jar—the other 5 feet will be finished this morning about 9 o'clock, when those who have not seen the performance, may have another opportunity. Great numbers were present yesterday and much gratified by the sight. There was so little danger manifest, that during the time the house was moving, the owner entertained about 150 persons within it, with a handsome collation. We conceive this successful undertaking to be important, particularly to a city requiring so many improvements as this, and think Mr. Brown deserves much praise for his ingenuity. We have ascertained that the expense of removing the building, is about one fifth of its value, and there is no doubt that this plan will in future, in many instances, be adopted, and a great portion of the expense of pulling down and rebuilding saved.’—*Mer. Adv.*

The Bee.

The following Lines were found stuck, some years ago, on the Moor which supports the Sun-Dial in the Garden of Clement's Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Who seek'st a tender ear;
In vain thy tears do from thee flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From Canibals thou fled'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first will eat thee when thou'rt slain;
The last will do't alive.

Pun.—A facetious gentleman of the name of *Bacon*, was dining, one day lately at a tavern in the Strand, when he drank off a large tumbler of sherry at a draught. Some of the company expressing their surprise, one of them said, ‘Gentlemen I thought you had known that *Bacon* is always a dry dog,’ (*dried hog*).

Negro Revels.—At a recent anniversary in Boston of Free Blacks, met to celebrate the abolition, or as they term it the *Bobolition* of the slave-trade; the chairman rose after dinner, and said, “Gentlemen, I be-

Massa Peter Guss, and give you this toast : That President Madison be no more like General Washington than puté finger in the fire, and haul it out again!" great applause. And another toast was, " Mr. Wilberforce be the blacky-man's friend, and may he never want polish to his boots."

Attentive Wife—The following curious advertisement appears in an American paper:—*'Notice is hereby given, that all persons are forbid trusting any liquor to Andrew Scarlett (my husband), whereby he gets drunk, and makes a beast of himself! All persons, therefore, are cautioned against letting him have a drop of liquor of any kind, for I will pay no debt of his contracting for liquor.'*

(Witness my hand) 'Sarah Scarlett.'

The three principal capitals of Germany, viz. Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, have each at the present moment to boast of a great piano forte player at a very juvenile age. Vienna, of Franz Ziszt; Berlin, of Mendelsohn; and Munich, of Mademoiselle Shau-roth. Ziszt is a native of Hungary, only eleven years of age, and plays in a most finished manner all the most difficult compositions of Hummel and Moscheles; particularly *The Fall of Paris* by the latter. He is also very great in extemporisising upon any theme that is given to him in writing.—If it be long, he curtails and simplifies before he works upon it. Mendelsohn is the son of a Jewish banker at Berlin, a pupil of Zelber and Berger. Both boys have filled all Germany with the fame of their wonderful talents. They are nearly of the same age.

Antiquity.—In the village of Wimes-would, Leicestershire, is an object uncommonly worthy the attention of the curious, though it rarely attracts the notice of any one. It is a small building, formerly in the possession of a sect of dissenters, and was one of the first meeting-houses erected in that county. It is situated in the Brook Street, and what renders it an object of curiosity is, its being converted into a comfortable dwelling-house, while the various appendages of the chapel are still preserved. The pulpit, and part of the pews are uninjured by any hand save that of time; they are even used as convenient closets and cupboards by the aged inmates of these once religious walls. Tomb-stones form a considerable part of the cottage floor; some of a very recent date. The building consists of one undivided room, serving for kitchen, parlour, and sleeping room. The aged couple who inhabit the chapel, are of a cast with the building. The old man has long been an octogenarian, and remembers 'going to meet Charley Stuart and the rebels in '45.' His reflections on 'sleeping with the dead,' are often truly appropriate; nor is he wholly insensible to the monitory lessons around him—for

'Many a holy text around is strewed,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.'

This dwelling for the dead and the living, is remarkable for cleanliness as well as singularity; and the admirer of cottage neatness, and the lover of contemplation, may spend

an hour to much less advantage than in the peaceful abode of Richard and Mary Smith. There is a small burying ground attached to it, and the one in Rempstone Grove, which, from its lone and romantic situation, has been called the cave of Machpelah, once belonged, in part, to this chapel.

Negro Family.—An American who bought a negro wench, the only slave he ever purchased, left at his death 70 slaves, all her offspring and posterity during a period of 35 years.

Errata, p. 495, col. 1, line 6 from bottom, for 'mien' read 'men'; and line 15, same, for 'heading' read 'heeding.'

TO BOOKSELLERS, NEWSMEN, &c.

We beg leave, respectfully, to inform the Newsmen, Booksellers, and the Public in general, that the business of *The Literary Chronicle* requiring that it should have a distinct office, it is removed to No. 2, SURREY STREET, one door from the STRAND.

In a few days will be published, price 5s.

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